

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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THESE TWO HORSES DISCOVERED BY OUR AGENT IN NEED OF CARE ARE JUST BEING TAKEN TO THE RELIEF HOSPITAL ON NORTHAMPTON STREET.

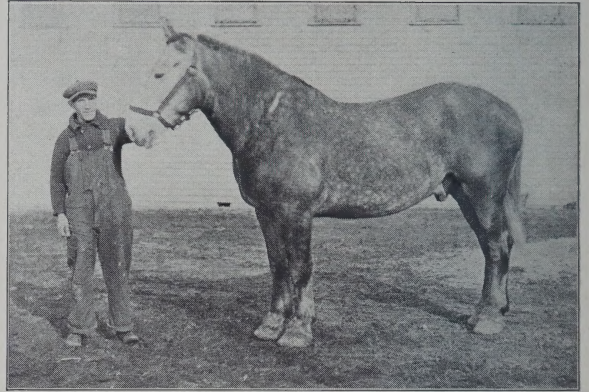
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK

Humane Exhibit at San Francisco.

The San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has shown commendable enterprise in erecting a building with its own funds providing a special and comprehensive exhibit of humane appliances and methods at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The building covers 2,000 square feet of space and contains a reading and rest room; an ambulance station, with driver, horses and vehicle in readiness for instant service, a section of a model animal shelter, with full-size kennels; a model stall for horses, with fire-escape and safety devices; sanitary drinking troughs for animals; apparatus showing various ways of destroying small animals; humane slaughtering tools and appliances; anti-slipping horse shoes; ambulances for small animals, humane bits, feed bags, traps, etc. On the walls are exhibited implements taken from offenders guilty of cruelty to animals, photographs, and humane posters. It is expected that large quantities of humane literature will be distributed. Even birds have not been overlooked and there is a representative display of houses, shelters, feeding tables, and baths. The building is located in the live stock division of the Exposition, and D. O. Lively, chief of the department, who is an active member of the society, was of great assistance in making the exhibit possible, although the display was assembled through the efforts of Matthew McCurrie, secretary of the society. Particular attention has been paid to the convenience of visitors, chairs, reading and writing tables, periodicals, stationery, etc., have been provided for their accommodation, and visiting humane workers are invited to make the building at the grounds and the society's office in the city their headquarters while in San Francisco.

THE WORK HORSE.

He feels the Springtime's growing life
In every coursing vein:
The scents and sounds of wakening Earth
That are akin to pain.
And feels the bit between his teeth
And knows the fretting rein.



A WELL-CARED FOR WORKING HORSE.

He sees the grass, a carpet soft
Of living growing green.
He sees the trees far overhead:
A shelter and a screen.
With blindered eyes he tries to see
The flowers that grow between.

The cattle on a thousand hills
Graze through the livelong day:
Fair are the pastures where the sheep
And happy lambkins play:
But only unremitting toil
Is his, to bear away.

He cannot crop the herbage sweet
Tho' hungered he may be:
Even the water to his thirst
Is given as charity
And yet, of living creatures, none
More beautiful than he.

But ever while he lives and toils,
Wherever he may be,
Always I breathe a little prayer
In all humility:
"O God, remember first this horse,
And then, remember me."

—Elizabeth Jacobi.

War Prayers for Animals Forbidden.

Of all the prelates of the Established Church of England, there is none who enjoys a higher reputation for learning and for all-around brilliancy than the Right Rev. Charles Gore, Bishop of Oxford, Chancellor of the Order of the Garter. In spite of his being through his father a grandson of the third Earl of Arran, and through his mother a grandson of the fourth Earl of Bessborough, he is so advanced a radical that he has sometimes been described as the Socialist of the Episcopacy. His pastoral letter to his diocese prohibiting prayers for the animals engaged in the war has, therefore, attracted a considerable amount of attention and not a little discussion.

It seems that kind-hearted people, moved by

the stories of the terrible sufferings undergone, not only by the troops at the front in France and in Belgium, but also by the horses and by the dogs employed in the military operations, have in their prayers for the men in the field invoked Divine mercy also upon the faithful and devoted four-footed comrades of the soldiers. The Bishop forbids appeals of this nature to the Almighty, on the ground that it has "never been the custom of the Church to pray for other beings than those whom we think of as rational."

Whether or not animals have ever been considered rational, they have often received far more consideration from humans than Bishop Gore accords them. Islam admits to Paradise, and to a life hereafter, quite a long list of animals, beginning with the ass of the Prophet Mohammed, the camel of the Prophet Saleh, the calf of Abraham, the ram of Ishmael, the ox of Moses, the ant of King Solomon, the mule of the Queen of Sheba, the whale of Jonah, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, and last, but not least, the spider which spun its web across the entrance of the cavern in which Mohammed had sought refuge in his flight from Mecca, and thus convinced Koreishite pursuers that their human quarry could not be within.

Our friends the Japanese are also convinced that animals have souls and a hereafter. At the close of their war with China they consecrated with much religious pomp and ceremony a magnificent monument, erected at a cost of \$40,000, at Tokio, to the memory of their horses lost in the campaign, while in 1905 grand funeral services were held at Miyagi for the horses killed in the war with Russia. In the presence of the governor of the province, of princes of the imperial family, and of all the leading military, civil, and religious officials of the nation prayers were recited by the clergy of the Buddhist and Shinto rites for the welfare and repose of the spirits of the horses that had given their lives in the service of their country during the conflict. Offerings of wheat and oats were placed on a large altar, and then the ranking general present delivered a memorial address while the troops stood at attention. He recited the services of the horses, the number that had fallen in this battle and in that. He solemnly thanked their spirits—that is to say, their souls—in the

name of the emperor, of the army, and of the nation for the assistance which they had afforded to their human comrades in wresting victory from the Russians, and assured them that their names would be held in affectionate and honored remembrance by the squadrons, by the batteries and by the regiments with which they had served in the war.

There is no doubt that Alexander the Great entertained the belief in the hereafter of horses. For not content with entombing his favorite charger, Bucephalus, killed under him at the battle of Hydaspes, in a splendid mausoleum, he actually founded and built, as a lasting memorial to him, the city of Bucephala, which became one of the most important and densely populated centres of trade in Asia.

It was in the same spirit, undoubtedly, that Frederick, the Great erected one of the most beautiful Lutheran churches in Prussian Poland—a magnificent edifice in white stone, which age has failed to damage—as a memorial to his favorite charger, killed beneath him at the battle of Kunersdorf—a horse to which on several previous occasions he had owed his life. It is said that the charger lies entombed within the precincts of the church, though I cannot vouch for the fact.

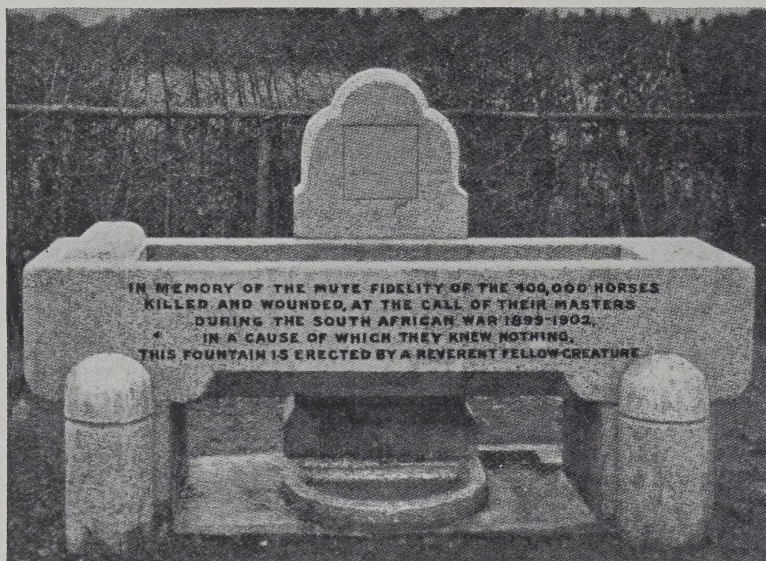
There are other instances, however, of animals being interred within Christian churches. Thus the favorite dog of William the Silent, which, having twice saved his master from assassination by its watchfulness, succumbed to grief a couple of days after his death, lies buried at his feet in the Nieuw Kirk (New Church) at Delft, which for hundreds of years has been the last resting place of the royal house of Orange.

Few of those who have visited St. George's Chapel at Windsor, where so many of the members of the reigning house of England lie at rest, are aware that among its illustrious dead there are the remains of a pet monkey. It belonged to the Countess of Lincoln, wife of Queen Elizabeth's lord high admiral. It did not survive its mistress, and lies beside her in the beautiful tomb in the Lincoln Chapel of St. George's—a tomb surmounted by the recumbent figures of the Earl and of his consort, the feet of the latter being pressed against the stone figure of the ape.

The cid's horse, Babieca, was recently entombed before the gates of the Temple Monastery at Valencia, in Spain, and two elms were planted to adorn the site. The great Duke of Wellington erected at his country seat at Strathfieldsaye a stately tomb costing some \$20,000, for Copenhagen, the charger which he had ridden throughout the battle of Waterloo, when he remained no less than seventeen hours in the saddle without dismounting. Copenhagen was buried with full military, though not ecclesiastical, honors, a firing party of soldiers being present, while the ceremony was brought to a close by the sounding of "Taps," the familiar

Even live animals are not objected to in Christian churches, and on the continent of Europe they are sometimes called upon to play a part in the most solemn religious festivals, notably at Christmas. I have had the opportunity of attending, both in the French provinces and in Spain, several of those quaint old ceremonies which have taken place year after year for more than twelve centuries.

I remember in particular a midnight mass which I attended on Christmas Eve in the church of an old Breton village many years ago. The sacred and storm-beaten edifice, when we entered it shortly before midnight, was filled to over-



and most pathetic feature of every soldier's funeral.

Copenhagen, moreover, is commemorated in bronze on Alfred Stevens's magnificent tomb of the Iron Duke, in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is only within the last few years—that is to say, more than half a century after the duke's death—that the memorial has been completed by the addition of the horse, the delay having been due to the late Dean Milman, who would not permit the statue of a horse within the precincts of the cathedral—not for reasons such as those advanced by the Bishop of Oxford in forbidding the praying for animals, but on the ground that it was calculated to give ecclesiastical encouragement to betting and to the other attendant evils of horse racing.

flowing with kneeling and picturesquely arrayed peasants. The church was very cold, for the great door was intentionally left wide open in order to allow the cattle, the sheep, and the horses outside to watch the proceedings. On the right side of the altar a bower had been made of fragrant pine and fir branches, with great bunches of crimson-berried holly and of mistletoe glittering among the verdure.

Under this canopy sat on a low stool a young girl of great beauty, with her long black hair falling in silky masses on her loose white garment. In her arms she held an infant only a few weeks old. Beside her stood a young man wearing a gold embroidered robe, and leaning on a heavy staff, while an ox, a donkey, and four sheep were quietly munching corn from a couple of mangers.

The celebration of the mass began. But it was not until after the Gospel had been read that the animals began to take any active part in the proceedings. A small chorister concealed in the cardboard figure of a rooster began to chant the "Puer natus est nobis," ("For unto us a child is born,") imitating cleverly at the close of every verse the crow of a chanticleer. The deep bass voice of a grown chorister, hidden somewhere in the fir-branch bower above described, lowed the response of "Ubi?" ("Where?") which sounded as if it proceeded from the ox. A tenor chorister concealed near the sheep baaed the word "Bethlehem," and then a baritone voice, apparently issuing from the donkey, brayed "Eamus," ("Let us go thither").

Thereupon the priest, his acolytes, and the entire congregation, myself included, formed into a procession, and marched to the fir tree bower, where the representation of the Nativity had been arranged. The priest having sprinkled both the mother and the child, as well as the animals, with holy water, we all followed the kindly old rector to the chief entrance of the church.

The scene there was one which I shall never forget. All the cattle and flocks of the village had been driven into the old churchyard and stood there, crowded together in the silvery light of a full moon, around the open portal. Standing on the topmost step of the porch, with his acolytes and surpliced choristers around him, the venerable white-haired priest who had had charge of the parish for close upon forty years exclaimed: "God in His mercy, my dear children, has sent me on this radiant night of the Nativity to bless your cattle and your flocks, because it is only right that the animals who constitute your greatest help and source of prosperity should participate in the joy that fills all our hearts. Now lead your flocks past me."

The shepherds and cattle herds then began to drive the animals past us, while the rector, dipping the sprinkler into the silver ewer of holy water, showered the latter upon the oxen and the sheep.

In Scotland I have often seen shepherd dogs accompany their masters to church on Sundays, and in numbers of the old parish churches of England there are still to be seen the pews known

as "the hall-dog pew," which was reserved for the dog or dogs of the lord of the manor, or for those of the squire of the locality. For the dogs invariably follow their masters to church. As a rule they behaved well. But occasionally divine service was interrupted by fights between them, and sometimes they had to be turned out before the service could go on.

In Belgium, the government, which owned and controlled the entire railroad system of the country until its invasion by the Germans, issued, a few years ago, a decree, which so far as railroad travel is concerned, placed the dog on absolutely the same level as a grown-up man or woman, and much higher than a child. For whereas the latter was merely entitled to half a place, if under 12, the dog had a right to a full seat, provided it had its ticket. That is to say, in railroad compartments licensed to hold ten travelers, if there were eight adult human beings and two dogs, the compartment was regarded as "complete," and no other passenger was admitted. Human passengers were doomed to being left behind so that dogs provided with tickets should not be forced to yield their seats.—A VETERAN DIPLOMAT in the Sunday *New York Times*.

THE COMFORTER.

Silent is the house. I sit
In the fire-light and knit.
At my ball of soft gray wool
Two gray kittens gently pull—
Pulling back my thoughts as well
From that distant, red-rimmed hell,
And hot tears the stitches blur
As I knit a comforter.

"Comforter" they call it—yes,
Such it is for my distress,
For it gives my restless hands
Blessed work. God understands
How we women yearn to be
Doing something ceaselessly—
Anything but just to wait
Idly for a clicking gate!

So I knit this long gray thing
Which some fearless lad will fling
Round him in the icy blast,
With the shrapnel whistling past;
"Comforter" it may be then,
Like a mother's touch again,
And at last, not gray, but red,
Be a pillow for the dead!

—Anne P. L. Field.



BUNGALOW NOTES

PINE RIDGE, Feb. 2.—I expected to do a good deal of writing to-day—take a stormy day in a bungalow set in the midst of trees with hardly a house in sight and one would naturally look for some uninterrupted hours for work—but that depends!

I was awakened early this morning by a steady tapping which sounded like some one trying to drive tacks lightly in my window seat. I got up hastily and at once discovered that the steady tap, tap, tap was the sound of the sharp little beaks of many sparrows and juncos on the bird shelves that are placed outside my three windows. So I knew the birds had come for their breakfast. Accompanying the tapping were sweet little notes of the chipping sparrow and the musical—"hue hue hue" of the junco.

As it grew lighter I discovered that it was still snowing. Yesterday was a day of snow, rain and hail and I found we were having a second and a still more stormy day.

Such days as these all the birds and the pigeons seem to have abnormal appetites. We cover the bird table and five window shelves with crumbs, and it is not long before everything is empty and the birds are calling for more. As I sit here at my desk writing they come on the window shelves so near that I could reach them if my window were open, and stretch up their little necks and peer in at me with bright, twinkling eyes, and distract my mind from my work.

A bluejay just came and stood for a minute looking with great interest at the curtain tassel. Had not the glass been in the way I am sure he would have flown up to try it with his bill for the bluejay is a curious fellow.

One of the white doves comes every little while and looks in upon me but most of the doves go to the bird table. I counted eighteen at one time this morning on the table and I am sorry to say that they did not all agree, but one of them seized another by the hair of his head and shook him!

I watched with interest awhile ago a chipping sparrow with bright chestnut head, and an English sparrow feeding very closely side by side. There is one particular winter chippie that comes every day to the window nearest my desk. I see him when I first get up and again when I am dressing to go to my office. He is here now and has just been driving a junco away. I have never yet seen an English sparrow drive away any bird.

I wrote in my last Bungalow Notes that there were but two juncos here this winter but this storm has brought us a flock of them. It has brought a number of chickadees, woodpeckers, a nuthatch, a brown creeper, and a variety of sparrows—field sparrows, chippies, snow buntings.

Peck, peck, tap, tap, go the little beaks. They have been eating crumbs all day and yet their appetite seems undiminished. Fortunately for them, we had a good supply from city cafés this week. The hardest crusts and biscuits I soaked in hot water a few minutes this morning then chopped them up with a little corn meal and the birds' breakfast was ready.

There are fourteen birds on my window shelf now—juncos, chippies, English sparrows and one queerly marked, handsome bird. His head is dark, his back and wings are very dark and mixed, not edged, with white. He looks like a mongrel junco, or a cross between a sparrow and a junco; his breast is like a junco's, and he scratches for his food just like the junco and the chipping sparrow.

The suet is fast disappearing on the trees where we placed it and we shall need a new supply in a day or two.

Edward has just looked in to tell me that the

barn cellar and the sheds are full of birds these cold and stormy nights. They fly out in clouds in the morning when he goes to the barn to do his work. Some of the pigeons live in the barn and have nests on the beams, others live in their pigeon house.

I asked Edward how "Cousin Jane" was getting along these cold days. In pleasant weather she goes out into the sunshine. Her long chain is fastened to a tree, or to a carriage wheel in an open shed where the sun pours in all day. These stormy days she cannot leave the barn but her position is changed. Sometimes she may be seen sitting on old Whitey's back in his box stall; sometimes she is on a beam over the hay loft and sometimes on the floor of the barn. If I go near her she utters a queer little cry and leaps on to my shoulder or my head. We find that a very good way of keeping her amused on a dull day is to scatter a lot of peanuts in the hay and she has a beautiful time hunting for them. Monkeys are the most active creatures in the world—or, at least, our Jane is—and it is cruel not to supply them with means of diversion.

The quiet is broken by excited barks from little Phonsie. Something is happening outside. I look out and see an advance courier, Fido, racing through the snow. Then follows Edward and Bessie, the white mare, with the snow plough, and back of them, serene and sedate, Basil walks, his big bushy tail waving gently to and fro. They pass through the bungalow grounds and back to the barn, my little Alphonse joining the procession. I try hard to get Davie Lindsay to go out and join them but the minute I tell him he ought to go out and take a walk the poor, nervous little fellow runs to the couch, jumps up on it, and pretends to go to sleep. These strange looking icy, snowy, blowy days are very hard on a little dog that has evidently passed through some nerve-racking experience and starts and almost goes into a fit at every unusual sound or movement. Poor little Davie! I wonder where he came from, and how long he was wandering the streets, trembling, hungry, timidly seeking a shelter, before a kind man picked him up early one cold morning from a doorstep where he was cowering and shivering and carried him to the police station in Dedham

from whence he was handed over to the caretaker of Pine Ridge.

We would be glad, indeed, if Davie Lindsay, as the man of the Bungalow has named him (he is a Scottish West Highland terrier), could be placed in a good home but who would be patient with such a little bundle of nerves long enough to bring him round to be a normal, happy little dog? Now he is spending his days at the bungalow, where another dog is not wanted, and his nights at Edward's cottage, but it is pitiful to see how he fears going out of the house unless he is closely following at the heels of the man of the bungalow, with whom he loves to take a walk, or some one else he trusts. Fortunately he has no fear of the Pine Ridge dogs or horses; his great fear seems to be that either some one is going to beat him, or throw him out of doors and leave him in the darkness and the cold alone. At the present moment he is sleeping serenely at the head of the couch in the living-room and Alphonse is sleeping soundly at the foot. Alphonse does not want another dog in his house but he is behaving pretty well.

It is getting late, yet the birds are still here on my windows shelves, twittering softly, fluttering up and down from the cedar trees to the shelves and back again.

The cedars depress me. They are so loaded with ice that they droop and hang their heads like a person bowed down with woe. The snow is still falling. It is time the birds went to bed. I wonder where they will sleep to-night. I wish they would all know enough to seek the comfortable shelter of our barn and sheds.

I haven't much of an opinion of monkeys. I pity them, but I can't love them, and I am unable in our Jane to discover any special marks of intelligence. Jane is curious, that is, she wants to examine and pull to pieces anything she can lay her hands on. Jane is cunning; she knows how to put on an air of innocence when she has in mind some new piece of mischief. But I cannot see that Jane is affectionate, although Edward declares she is, because she loves to have him hold her in his arms and stroke her head and tuck her under his coat. If, however, Jane breaks her long steel chain and gets loose, no amount of cajolery, no offering of tidbits, no



JANE AT THE WINDOW.

commands, suffice to bring her down, for example, from the top of the chimney, until she gets ready.

I was writing at my table about birds today when a shadow darkened the window nearest me. I looked up expecting to see one or two of the flock of white doves that often come to the shelf we have placed outside the window, but it was Jane who looked in at me a second then swung herself on to the nearest tree and from thence leaped to the roof of the bungalow.

I ran to the telephone that connects the bungalow with the barn—"Jane is up on the roof of the bungalow" I called to Edward. "I was looking for her," he replied.

Edward came up to the bungalow and began coaxing Jane with apple, biscuit, and frosted cake. She looked down at him with sharp, twinkling eyes and retained her perch on top of the bungalow chimney. I went out and joined my persuasions to Edward's. At times she seemed inclined to come down then just as she made a movement toward me a dog would pop up somewhere, to her great disgust. We tried to shut the dogs up but first Fluffy got out and when I turned to see what had checked Jane's advances I discovered Fluffy in his favorite attitude of "sitting up for it" just at my side.

Edward drove Fluffy off to the barn and we divided our forces, Edward at the back of the bungalow, I at the front. Jane came swinging lightly down and had reached the window shelf when from the open door out popped Alphonse, and Davie our Christmas guest.—Davie

is very apt to follow when Phonsie leads the way.

Jane went back to the top of the chimney, I hustled both dogs into the bungalow and closed the door, retreating myself into the sun parlor, Edward still keeping watch behind the house.

Jane made another start. I held my breath. She reached the shelf, jumped down on the ground, ran across to the bird table leaped to the top and sat herself down amid the crumbs and crusts, picking and choosing bits she liked. I advanced very cautiously, held out a piece of apple and invited her to "shake hands." She took the apple with one hand and put the other slim, cold little hand in mine. I held her by it gently and with my free hand I secured the dangling broken chain. Edward came, Jane leaped into his arms, clung to his coat, laid her head on his shoulder, closed her eyes as if she felt nothing but perfect peace and so was carried off down the pathway to the cottage where, as I was afterwards informed, she was treated to hot milk and Johnnycake as a reward for running away.—A. H. S.

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG

The P. A. Club.

"Mother," exclaimed Isabel Hapgood, as she burst into her mother's sitting-room with a very red face, "do go out to the front door and call Willie. I think I was never so ashamed in my life, he is making such an exhibition of himself!"

Mrs. Hapgood immediately arose from her chair and put down her sewing. As she did so she asked,—“What is he doing that is so dreadful?”

“He is out on the sidewalk in front of the house and there are one or two boys with him and he has picked up a pig, mother—a pig! and everybody is laughing. I didn't stop to look, I hurried by before he saw me so that I could tell you.”

To Isabel's great surprise, instead of hurrying to the door Mrs. Hapgood took up her sewing again and sat down and began to laugh. “That is only Peggy,” she said, “one of Willie's latest pets.”

"Peggy? You mean Piggy, I suppose. You don't mean to tell me that that boy is making a pet of a pig—and you let him do it?"

"Now, Isabel, don't get excited. Willie is all right, and Peggy is all right, too. I was going to write you all about Peggy and the P. A. C.'s but Willie wanted to surprise you. I hope you won't spoil his pleasure."

"I don't understand at all," said poor Isabel. "What is Willie doing with a pig? When I came home from school on my last vacation he had dogs and cats, and I didn't mind that—but a pig!"

"Well, Isabel, perhaps I ought to have told you, but I never once thought you would be so shocked."

"But mother, I don't think you understand. Willie and some other boys seemed to be showing

pared to say something pleasant to them as you are to be the guest of honor."

"I will try," answered Isabel, "but I can't imagine what that pig has to do with it."

"Wait and see," was her mother's only reply.

That same day, when the postman came, Willie hurried to get the mail. He handed Isabel an envelope, but as there was no stamp on it it was quite evident that it had not been through the post-office. Opening the envelope Isabel found a note which read as follows:

Miss Isabel Hapgood is invited to be the honored guest of the P. A. C.'s at an entertainment which will take place on the veranda and back lawn of Mrs. Hapgood's house, on the afternoon of August 20, at three o'clock.

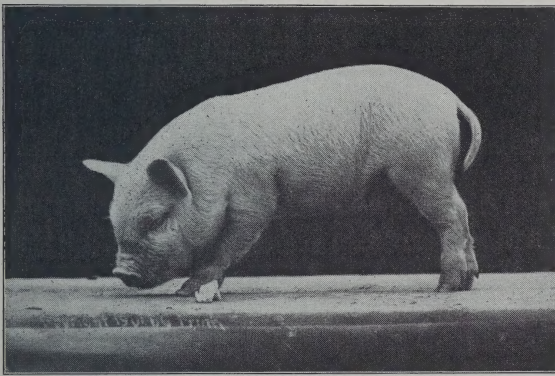
WILLIAM T. HAPGOOD,
President.

Willie, by the way, prided himself very much on getting up this invitation without any assistance, and the whole club thought it a very great credit to their president.

At the hour of three, Isabel, in a pretty white dress, went with her mother to the back veranda and sat down, curious to see what was coming. On the lawn in front of them a number of boys and two girls were sitting, some of them on camp stools, and some on the grass. There appeared to be about a dozen children in all. As Isabel looked over the club more carefully she saw several dogs of different sizes and breeds, and to her surprise, one of the girls had a cat in her lap. Behind another girl there was something moving which being partly hidden from view Isabel could not decide about but she thought it was a duck or a goose.

"This entertainment will be opened," said Willie, the president, rising, "by a short story I shall tell, followed by a performance by Peggy, the intelligent pig."

"One day last spring while the weather was still cold, I was taking a long walk with Rollo—" at the mention of his name a handsome collie who was lying near the speaker lifted his head and wagged his bushy tail. "I was on that road where they sometimes drive cattle and sheep and pigs to the town. I was whistling and thinking it was time to turn back when Rollo gave a



PEGGY.

off the pig to a carriage full of strangers, and they were screaming with laughter. I couldn't help being shocked!"

"I hope, dear Isabel, your going to boarding school is not making you feel above the simple pleasures of country life. Wait before you condemn your brother's amusements until you know more about them. The P. A. C.'s are getting up an entertainment expressly for you. They have been planning it and talking about it for two weeks. Try not to disappoint them, dear child."

"What are the P. A. C.'s, mamma?" said Isabel, speaking more quietly.

"I would rather not tell you now. You will get an invitation to-day to meet the club (I don't mind telling you it is a club) to-morrow afternoon on our back veranda and I hope you will be pre-

sharp, sudden bark and ran into the bushes on one side of the road.

"Of course I hurried after him for I knew he had found something, and to my surprise there lay a very little pig in the grass. At first I thought it was dead, then Rollo began to lap its face and I saw it was just alive but too weak to stand up.

"I picked it up in my arms. It was so little and so very thin I could carry it without any trouble, and I brought it home. Mother said it was either sick or starved. I made it a nice little bed in the shed and fed it with warm milk. I had to put the milk down its throat with a teaspoon the first day. I fed her every two hours and I got up twice in the night and fed her and wasn't she the starved little thing, though!

"Well, to make a long story short, in a day or two Peggy could stand up and squeal after me, just like a baby. I tell you, she kept me busy! I gave her a good bath and she began to follow me everywhere I would let her go, but mother drew the line at letting her into the house. She slept with Rollo and got very fond of him at once, but it was Carlo that began her education."

As Willie spoke the name Carlo a small dog that had been lying in the grass, jumped up and came to Willie and stood up on his hind legs. Willie and all the boys laughed, and Willie putting his hand in his pocket drew out a lump of sugar and threw it at Carlo who caught it neatly in his mouth. Upon that a little grunt was heard and Peggy, who had been stretched out in the sun behind Willie's chair arose, shook herself, and sat up on her hind legs close by Carlo. Everybody, even Isabel, had to laugh, and Willie threw Peggy a lump of sugar which she also caught, lifting her pink little snout up in the air and uttering another grunt of satisfaction.

"Now," said Willie, "you'll hardly believe me, but I never once tried to teach Peggy that trick. She saw Carlo do it several times and heard me praise him for it and noticed that he got something he liked every time he did it, and one day she came and sat up on her hind legs in front of me and waved her paws just like Carlo. Of course she tumbled right over the first time but I praised her, and petted her, and gave her an apple, and from that time she kept at it until she could do it as well as Carlo.

"Then I had her watch Carlo roll over when I told him to play dead dog, but I had to push her over at first, very gently, for one of the strictest rules of our Club is never to teach any trick to an animal if you've got to strike it or punish it in any way. If they can't learn easy, because they like it we let 'em alone and don't try to force them."

"I want you to tell another of your Club rules that is just as important, my son," said Mrs. Hapgood, interrupting him, "I think you call it rule No. 2."

"Rule No. 2," said Willie, "is never to make any animal show off unless he feels like it. Our Club doesn't approve of exhibitions of trained animals, for we know by our own experience that animals who have learned little tricks are not always in the mood for showing them off and it is cruel to keep them doing these tricks every day. There are only a few tricks that animals take to naturally. About all the tricks they force wild animals to learn, even the trainers say have to be taught with much cruelty and the animals hate to do them.

"Now I will show Peggy an apple and ask her to roll over, but I'm never sure whether she will or not."

It happened that Peggy was in an obliging mood and she rolled over on the grass very nicely, then without being asked she sat up and held out first her right then her left fore foot, to the great delight of the audience.

Peggy was white as snow and her pink skin showed very prettily underneath her soft and silky hair. Frequent combing and brushing had made her coat as fine as that of a dog. She had a narrow collar on with a pink bow and Isabel could not help admitting to herself that she was a very interesting pet.

"I think that is about all the story of Peggy excepting that she wants to follow me everywhere and I have hard work to keep her from getting out of the gate and running after me down the street."

"You have left out one thing that we would all like to have Isabel know which is that the members of the Club all make a study of their pets. You must tell us what you have learned about Peggy."

"Peggy," said Willie, "has shown that she is



grateful; affectionate; she likes to be clean and is pleased when I give her a bath and brush and comb her; that she is very intelligent I found out because she learns anything I try to teach her so quickly; and I know she is observing because she watched Carlo do his little tricks and then did the same herself."

"Then," Mrs. Hapgood said, "does not this teach us that pigs are not the stupid, dirty creatures that most people think they are? Does it not teach us that they would be clean, bright and intelligent if they were better treated?"

The children all answered together—"Yes."

"Now I have told my story of Peggy," said Willie. "I will call upon Marion Green to tell us her story of Blanchette, the pet goose."

Marion Green came forward rather bashfully bearing in her arms a large white goose. "Blanchette isn't very remarkable but since I took her to bring up I have made up my mind not to call any one 'Silly as a goose' for I don't think a goose is silly at all.

"My father brought Blanchette into the house one day and said she was sick. She was a little

thing, no bigger than a chicken, and I fed her and gave her some medicine and kept her with me in the house about a week. After that she wouldn't stay in the henyard. We used to shut her up in the henhouse at night but as soon as she was let out in the morning she would come right to the kitchen door and stand there and scream until we let her in, so finally I made a bed for her in a box in the back kitchen and it was lucky for us that I did for one night a burglar or a tramp tried to break into the back of the house and Blanchette set up such a loud screaming that she frightened him away. Papa looked out the window just in time to see him running out of the yard."

"You know," said Mrs. Hapgood, "that there is a story about how Rome was saved by geese, who made such a noise when the enemy was stealing into the city at night that they aroused the watchmen and saved the city."

"Papa says that Blanchette is just as good as a watch dog since she frightened off the burglar. She loves me and if I go out she follows me just like a dog. She will come running to me when I whistle for her, and she knows her name and comes if I call her name even when she is out with the other fowls. So I joined the Club because I had Blanchette for my pet."

"Now tell us what you have learned from Blanchette," said Mrs. Hapgood.

"I have learned," said Marion, holding the big white goose tenderly in her arms, "that geese are grateful and devoted as any dog to those who are kind to them, and that they are valuable to warn us when any strangers are about the place. Blanchette knows our own dog but if any strange dog comes on the place she cries out loudly and drives him off."

Willie, the president, arose, after Marion went back and sat down on the grass with her goose.

"Most of the members of the Club have dogs," he said, "and I can't call on all of them to speak, but I will ask Tommie Raymond to tell us about his Fluffy."

"Fluffy," said Tommie, coming forward with a white, rough coated dog at his heels, "is a mongrel maltese terrier. He was found wandering about on the street half-starved and carried to the Animal Rescue League. My mother saw

him there and took a fancy to him and brought him home to me.

"Fluffy has a great habit of sitting up and begging. He learned this before he came to us and he never waits to be asked. If I'm eating candy or an apple he gets in front of me and sits up. If I am standing in the barn feeding my pony sugar he sits up all the time I'm there. He loves to go to drive and he sits up and begs to go, though sometimes he finds out we are going to drive before we harness and then he jumps into the carriage or the sleigh and sits there and waits even if it is half an hour.

"Fluffy is fond of visiting the neighbors and sometimes he runs away and is gone overnight. He goes to one particular house every few weeks and pays a visit there, then we have to go after him. When he sees us coming he runs to meet us and jumps in the carriage up on the front seat with a very satisfied air as much as to say,— 'Here is my carriage come for me. I knew you'd have to come after me. You can't get along without me.'

"Everybody loves Fluffy and he is friendly with everybody though he is sometimes jealous of other dogs and has got into several fights with our Fido through pure jealousy.

"But generally Fido and Fluffy are good friends and it is fun to see them race together. One starts and looks at the other and pauses and wags his tail, then the other understands what is wanted and off he goes like the wind. They run so fast that you can hardly see them go. Then they pretend there's a squirrel up a tree and stop and bark. Dogs make believe when they are playing, the same as we boys do."

"What has Fluffy taught you about dogs?" asked Mrs. Hapgood.

"Oh, so many things," answered Tommie, "that I don't know where to begin. Dogs are very devoted to their owners; they are so intelligent it seems sometimes as if they understand everything we say; they guard us from danger; they amuse us by their tricks and their games; they are jealous just like human beings; they get angry the same as boys do only they snarl and bite instead of fighting with their fists as boys sometimes do. If a boy gets mad and hits some other boy there isn't half the fuss made about it that there is if a dog gets angry and



FLUFFY WAITING FOR A DRIVE.

snarls or bites, at his enemy. If a dog bites, people muzzle all the dogs—they ought to know that a dog can get mad just like a boy can and get over it again and not be dangerous.

"There are lots of things I could say about my dog, but I guess you know them because you all love dogs and are not afraid of them."

The children and Isabel all had to laugh just then for Fluffy came out where they could all see him and sat up on his hind legs and looked very sober and wise.

When they got through laughing Willie stood up and pointed to a tree near by.

"There is James Patten's tame crow waiting for him. James can tell you a good story about 'Jim Crow'."

"Not this time," Mrs. Hapgood said, "for we are going to have our lemonade and cakes now and we will have the story of Jim Crow when the Club meets next week."

Isabel stepped forward on the veranda then and said:

"Three cheers for the Pet Animal Club! I hope you'll make me a member next week when I will tell you my story of a pet I have at school."

—ANNA HARRIS SMITH.

Spratt's Trophy for the best dog in the 1915 Westminster Kennel Club Show was won by George W. Quintard's Matford Vic.

Mr. Quintard has also won a leg on Spratt's Brace Special with Wire Boy of Paignton and Matford Vic.

The Angell Memorial Hospital.

The dedication on February 25 of the Angell Memorial Hospital for Animals, in the civic centre of the Back Bay District of Boston, marks a noteworthy event in the history of humane progress in Massachusetts. Over a quarter of a million of dollars have been invested in the land and buildings occupied by this hospital, and it is thoroughly up-to-date in all its appointments. There are thirty-eight stalls for horses, and ample facilities for the reception of smaller sick animals. On account of the large expense of conducting such an institution, it is announced that charges will be made to cover expenses, but that charity cases will not be excluded. The buildings afford comfortable and spacious quarters for the two societies—the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society. Erected in honor of the late George Thorndike Angell, this structure, of stately and dignified architecture, is a truly magnificent memorial, in every way worthy of the great pioneer worker in the humane cause in Massachusetts. President Rowley, of the two societies, who has worked indefatigably in the promotion of the undertaking, has declared his intention to raise an endowment fund of one million dollars to place the hospital on a permanent financial basis.

**LEAGUE NEWS
AND NOTES**

The record of animals received and cared for during the month of February was as follows: 286 dogs, 1,367 cats, and 8 birds. We took in at our five Receiving Stations 231 animals.

Our New Annual Report.

The sixteenth annual report of the Animal Rescue League will be mailed to members and donors about March 25. Those who do not receive copies will please notify us promptly by postal card, and copies will be sent. We shall

be glad to mail copies to any persons especially interested in our work if they will be kind enough to ask for them.

Annual Public Meeting

During the fifteen years since the Animal Rescue League was started we have never yet been obliged to postpone our Public Meeting but have held it each year some time in February or in March. The meeting this year will be held Monday, March 29, 3 o'clock, at the Copley-Plaza Hotel, as it was last year. A very interesting program is planned for this meeting including music, moving pictures of the Home of Rest for Horses in Dedham, the giving out of prizes to the children, and the usual afternoon tea at the end of the meeting. We hope all our members who can possibly come to this meeting will be present. It is not only very pleasant to meet together at this time, but it is encouraging to the president to have these meetings kept up well from year to year. Notices will be sent out to all our members giving more definite announcement of the meeting.

Dear Mrs. Smith: In your last **FOURFOOTED** magazine some one expresses a wish to know who introduced "Black Beauty" to Mr Angell's attention. I therefore write to say that it was I who had that pleasure.

On receiving the book Mr. Angell telegraphed to know if I could immediately send him an additional copy as he wished at once to get out a ten thousand edition of it.

I have read somewhere that it has been translated into well-nigh a dozen different languages—showing how widespread its influence, and every little while my attention is called to a new edition—an expensive one now being on sale.

Hundreds of sample copies (in Spanish) have been sent to South America and I believe it has been largely instrumental in awakening a humane sentiment in those proverbially cruel countries.

One gentleman, there, I remember, ordered a thousand copies. Sincerely yours.—**GEORGI-ANA KENDALL.**



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Cremation

The League now has a crematory where small animals can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$5.

Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver St., Boston. Tel. Oxford 244.

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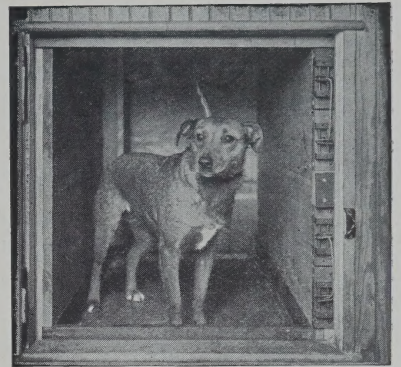
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The Animal Rescue League

BOSTON, MASS.

A wholly independent organization, having no connection with any other humane society in Massachusetts.
Organized February 9, 1899, and incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, March 13, 1899.



Administration Building, Kennels, Infirmary,
Receiving Station and Crematory
for Small Animals.

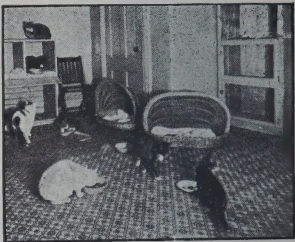


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25 BAKER STREET	REVERE
51 MARBLE STREET	STONEHAM

Population of cities and towns served	1,500,000
Animals received in 1914	36,197
Animals brought in by visitors	11,303
Copies of humane literature distributed	85,000
Visitors received	25,000



A DOG AMBULANCE
TWO MOTOR TRUCKS
AND TWELVE AGENTS } are at work every week day collecting animals.

Number of calls made in 1914	16,597
Number of animals collected	24,894

A Free Clinic for Animals

has been maintained for 14 years in charge of the League Veterinarian
DR. FRANK J. SULLIVAN.

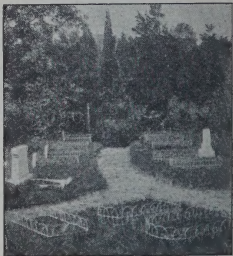
Number of animals treated	60,000
Number of cases of small animals treated in 1914	6,500
Number of pedlers' and cabmen's horses treated, 1914	350
Number of horses humanely killed, 1914	606
Number of horses given vacations	37



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For maintaining all this work, which is constantly increasing, the Animal Rescue League depends wholly on membership fees, gifts, and bequests; and because of the constantly increasing public demands, has never been able to start an endowment fund. Any sum, large or small, will be gratefully received, and may be sent to

Mrs. Huntington Smith, President, or Livingston Cushing, Treasurer, 51 Carver Street, Boston.